

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
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AUTHORITY

G.I. COMBAT

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10c

AIRLIFT TO ETERNITY

Bomb Squad

Red Terror
Tactics

DOOM
PATROL





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

AIRLIFT TO ETERNITY



HERE COMES ANOTHER
WAVE OF COMMIES, BOYS!
THESE ARE OUR LAST
BULLETS, SO MAKE
EVERY SHOT COUNT!

THESE WERE PART OF OUR PACIFIC JOINT MANEUVERS... A TEST OF STRIKING POWER IN DEFENSE OF PEACE! TO MAJOR HOLLAND AND A HANDFUL OF G.I. AIRBORNE ENGINEERS IT WAS TO BE A ROUTINE FLIGHT! THEN A FREAK WIND AND A RED MIG COMBINED TO TURN IT INTO AN AIRBORNE INFERNO!

DAWN, ON AN AIRFIELD NEAR TOKYO,...



WHERE THEY BOOTIN' US THIS TIME, SARGE? I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO LIKE IT HERE!

YOU'LL GET A BRIEFING AFTER TAKEOFF, WILLIE!

LIKE THE POET SAYS, WILLIE... OURS NOT TO REASON WHY, OURS BUT TO GET IN AND FLY!

OKAY, YOU CHARACTERS! PIPE DOWN AND FASTEN THOSE SEAT BELTS!



CHARLEY SIX AIRBORNE AT 0532, SIR!

ROGER! I'LL NOTIFY BASE BLUE OF THEIR E.T.A.!



...THE OBJECT IS TO SHOW HOW FAST WE CAN ASSEMBLE A FULL STRIKING FORCE HERE AT BASE BLUE! OTHER UNITS ARE HEADING THERE FROM ALL OVER THE PACIFIC!

WOW! BASE BLUE IS ONLY A WHOOOP AND A JUMP FROM RED CHINA!



EXACTLY! WHICH MAKES OUR DEMONSTRATION EVEN MORE EFFECTIVE! WE HOPE THEY'LL TAKE THE HINT AND STAY ON THEIR SIDE OF THE FENCE!

AND I HOPE WE DON'T MISS BASE BLUE AND SIT DOWN IN THEIR LAPS!



HOURS LATER...

HOW ARE WE DOING, CAPTAIN?

NOT GOOD, MAJOR! THERE'S A STORM BUILDING UP AND WE'RE BEING BLOWN ALL OVER THE MAP BY CRAZY CROSS-WINDS!



IN FACT, AT THE MOMENT I COULDN'T TELL YOU WHETHER WE'RE OVER RED CHINA OR HOOTIN' HOLLOW, NEBRASKA!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN A SECRET RED RADAR POST SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY...



AND AT A RED CHINA AIRBASE MILES AWAY, A RED OFFICER READS A RADIO DISPATCH AND MIG PILOTS SCRAMBLE!



WHILE ON A STORM-TOSSED C-54...

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE SOMEWHERE OVER BARONDEL ISLAND, SIR!

GOOD! AT LEAST THAT'S WELL INSIDE THE UN DEFENSE PERIMETER AND A SAFE DISTANCE FROM RED TERRITORY!



EEEEEOW! WHO SAID IT WAS A SAFE DISTANCE? GET ON THAT RADIO, SPARKS!

I'VE BEEN TRYING, SIR, BUT THE STORM'S GOT US BLANKETED! DO YOU THINK THOSE LUGS ARE HOSTILE?



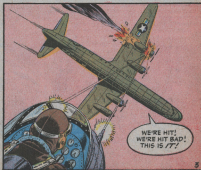
NO! JUST PLAYFUL!

YIIIIII!



WHY DON'T WE FIGHT BACK?

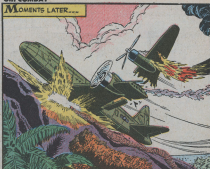
BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T EVEN A PEASHOOTER ON THIS CRATE! KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN AND YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!



HAVE EVERYBODY BRACE HIMSELF, MAJOR! I'M GOING TO TRY FOR A WALK-AWAY CRASH LANDING ON THAT UPSLOPE OF THE MOUNTAIN!



MOMENTS LATER...



GLORY BE, WE'RE STILL ALIVE! BUT WE WON'T BE IF WE DON'T GET OUT BEFORE THAT FIRE SPREADS!

HOLD IT, EVERYBODY! FIRE OR NO FIRE, NOT A MAN IS TO SHOW HIMSELF OUTSIDE! STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!



NOW... EVERYBODY OUT FAST... AND RUN FOR THE WOODS!

SMART THINKING, MAJOR! IF THOSE MIG JOCKEYS THINK THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS, THEY WON'T HANG AROUND TO STRAFE US!



A FINE LANDING, CAPTAIN! NOT A MAN SEEMS TO BE BADLY HURT! IT'S A MIRACLE!

AND THERE'S ANOTHER, MAJOR! THE BURNING WING TORE LOOSE IN THE CRASH! THAT TANK WAS EMPTY SO THE FIRE'LL SOON DIE OUT!



NOW I GUESS WE JUST WAIT FOR RESCUE TO LOCATE US! I UNDERSTAND BARONDEL IS UNINHABITED!

Y-YEAH? TH-THAT'S WHAT Y-YOU THINK, MAJOR....!





REDS! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! EVERYBODY OUT OF SIGHT! WE'LL AMBUSH THOSE BABIES!



WHAT DID YOU MEAN... YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOWN? WHO'D EXPECT TO MEET CHINESE REDS HERE?

ALL OF US, SERGEANT! THOSE MIGGS COULD ONLY HAVE FOUND US BY RADAR... AND THAT MEANS A SECRET RADAR BASE NEARBY!



DON'T LET THEM FIRE THOSE GUNS! THERE MUST BE MORE OF THEM DOWN BELOW SOMEWHERE!



THIS ONE AIN'T GONNA FIRE ANYTHING FOR A WHILE, MAJOR!

GOOD WORK, MEN! TAKE THEIR WEAPONS AND SEE THAT THEY'RE TIED UP AND GAGGED! WE'RE IN A TICKLISH POSITION HERE!



IT'S OBVIOUS THE REDS HAVE INFILTRATED TO SET UP A RADAR BASE INSIDE OUR PERIMETER! I NEED TWO MEN TO SCOUT WITH ME!

COUNT ME IN, MAJOR... AND I'D LIKE CORPORAL TANNER WITH US!



YOU HAVE YOUR M-15! DON'T USE THEM UNLESS YOU HAVE TO... AND THEN BE SURE YOU USE THEM WELL!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! WE'LL STAY CLOSE TO THE WRECK BUT OUT OF SIGHT! IF THEY ASK FOR TROUBLE, I GUESS WE CAN ACCOMMODATE!



THIS IS SERIOUS! WITH A RADAR STATION INSIDE OUR ZONE, THE REDS COULD WATCH OUR MANEUVERS AND HAND US ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR!

SO THAT LEAVES US ONE JOB TO DO, MAJOR... SMASH THE STATION AND CLEAN OUT THE BUZZARD'S NEST THAT BUILT IT! SO LET'S GO!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HOLY SMOKE, THERE IT IS... RIGHT BELOW WHERE WE LANDED! AND LOOK AT THE MANPOWER THEY'VE GOT!

THAT MANPOWER IS ON ITS WAY UP TO HUNT FOR THE THREE WE CAPTURED! LET'S GET BACK FAST AND ALERT OUR BOYS!



...ONE LOOK AT THE WRECK AND THEY'LL KNOW WE'RE AROUND SOMEWHERE AS LIVE MENACES TO THEIR SECRET!

SO WHY DON'T WE SAVE WEAR AND TEAR ON OUR SHOES AND MEET 'EM RIGHT HERE? I HATE RUNNING ANYHOW!



THAT'S OUR LAST CLIP OF BULLETS FOR THE M-15, AND OUR LAST TWO GRENADES! DON'T WASTE THEM, SOLDIER!

DON'T WORRY! I'VE GOT EVERY ONE earmarked FOR ONE OF MAO'S LITTLE PLAYMATES, SIR!



HOLD IT, EVERYBODY! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THEY MEAN HARM BEFORE WE OPEN FIRE! WE CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR A WAR!



THE MAJOR KNEW THE ANSWER BEFORE HE STOOD UP... BUT HE HAD TO RISK HIS LIFE TO SHOW A DESIRE FOR FRIENDSHIP!

HELLO...!

YANKEE ALIVE! GET HIM!



THAT ENDS THE FORMALITIES! LET THE BUZZARDS HAVE IT!



TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE, YOU LITTLE COMMIE STOOGES!

EASY ON THE AMMO, YOU BIRDS! YOU'VE GOT ALL THERE IS NOW!





G.I. COMBAT



GET THOSE DRAIN-
COCKS OPEN! THEN
RUN FOR THE WOODS
ON THE UPSLOPE!

I GET YOU! THE AVIO GAS'LL
RUN DOWN OVER THE ROCKS
AND RIGHT ONTO THAT
RADAR SHACK BELOW!



GET INTO THE TREES!
I'LL BLOW THE GAS AS
SOON AS IT'S HAD TIME
TO POUR DOWN ON
THEIR SHACKS!



THAT SHOULD BE
TIME ENOUGH!
DUCK AND COVER
YOUR FACES!



A MOMENT LATER THE STREAM OF AVIATION GASOLINE BLOWS UP!



THAT TAKES CARE OF
THAT! THE SURVIVING
REDS HAVE SCATTERED
IN THE WOODS...BUT
THEY CAN BE HUNTED
DOWN!

WOWIE!
AND HERE
COME
THE BOYS
WHO CAN
DO IT!



OUR PARATROOP
BOYS, ITCHING
FOR A SCRAP
AND LOADED
TO WIN IT!

THE SMOKE
MUST HAVE
SHOWN THEM
THE WAY!



OUR MANEUVERS
DIDN'T GO QUITE
ACCORDING TO
SCHEDULE, MAJOR,
BUT THANKS TO YOU,
THEY ACCOMPLISHED
MORE THAN WE
EXPECTED!

INCLUDE THE
MEN, SIR! WE
JUST USED
WHAT CAME
TO HAND
AND DID
OUR JOB!



DOOM PATROL

IN ARMY ALPHABET CODE, IT WAS COMPANY D-FOR-DOGS! BUT TO THE MEN IT LOOKED MORE LIKE COMPANY D-FOR DOOM WHEN THEY HEARD ABOUT THEIR NEXT MISSION--TO SPRING A RED TRAP BY WALKING STRAIGHT INTO THE GUNS OF A HIDDEN BATTERY--AND TRYING TO GET BACK ALIVE!



LET'S GO, MEN! WE'LL RUSH 'EM!

AN ARMY RECONNAISSANCE PLANE, TAKING NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LIGHT OF MILLION-CANDLEPOWER FLARES FILMED THE RED MOVEMENT WITHOUT SEEING IT...



THE FILMS WERE DEVELOPED AT INTELLIGENCE FOR DETAILED STUDY!

I COULDN'T SEE A THING FROM MY ALTITUDE, BUT THE CAMERA WOULD SPOT ANYTHING IMPORTANT!

IT LOOKS LIKE IT DID! I WANT AN ENLARGEMENT OF THIS CENTRAL AREA ON THE DOUBLE!



I WAS RIGHT! THAT'S A RED DIVISION WITH HEAVY OBR MOVING UP THE SLOPE OF CUPCAKE KNOS!

AND THOSE DOTS ABOVE ARE BUNKER AND TUNNEL MOUTHS! I'LL GET AN FO UP TO POSITION RIGHT AWAY!



G.I. COMBAT

AN ARTILLERY FO.. FORWARD OBSERVER.. MOVED INTO POSITION AND RADIOED BACK THE DATA THE GUN LAYERS NEEDED!

- VECTOR IN ON SHACKLE SEVEN OBCE OBCE NINE REPEAT NI-YUN UNSHACKLE! NOSEY, OVER AND OUT!



DEFLECTION RIGHT TWO ZERO ZERO! ROGER!



THROUGH THE DAY THE UN ARTILLERY THREW EVERYTHING BUT THE ROLLING KITCHENS AT CUPCAKE KNOB...



EVEN A MOBILE ROCKET LAUNCHER CROSSING MOUNTAIN RIDGES PAUSED TO THROW A LITTLE FLAT TRAJECTORY HELL INTO THE MAELSTROM!



AT NIGHTFALL, WHEN THE SAVAGE BOMBARDMENT LET UP ...



WE GOT IN A FEW MORTAR BURSTS TO SPEED THE PARTING CURTAINS... AND THEN THE SMOKING SLOPES OF CUPCAKE WERE LEFT TO THE NIGHT!



THERE YOU ARE... THE REDS GOING IN AND THE REDS SCOOTING OUT! WHAT DO YOU THINK, SAM?

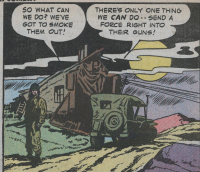


IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, I'LL TELL YOU.

I THINK IT SMELLS!

PRECISELY!





COMPANY D DREW THE DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT AND SERGEANT MAGEE ASSEMBLED HIS MEN FOR BRIEFING... "MOTHER" MAGEE, THEY CALLED HIM!

--AND I WANT TO SEE NYLON VESTS AND FLAK DIAPERS ON EVERY MAN-JACK OF YOU!

DO WE PACK OUR OWN PICNIC LUNCHES, SARGE?



YOU... KID! YOU'RE A NEW REPLACEMENT! I WANT YOU WHERE I CAN WATCH YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

GORDON, SR!
PFC ED GORDON!



BOY, HE'S TOUGH, ISN'T HE?

ARE YOU KIDDING? GET OUT OF HIS SIGHT JUST ONCE ON THIS RAMP AND YOU'LL SEE HOW TOUGH HE CAN REALLY GET!



HE'S TOUGH BECAUSE HE'S SOFT, KID! WE CALL HIM "MOTHER" MAGEE BECAUSE HE WORDS ABOUT EVERY GUY IN THE OUTRIT PERSONALLY!



RIGHT NOW HE'S CRYING INSIDE OVER THIS SUICIDE DETAIL AND THAT MAKES HIM TOUGHER ON THE OUTSIDE!

GEE, I F-PEEL LIKE MY INSIDES WERE FULL OF BUTTERFLIES! I GUESS I'M S-SCARED!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KID... WE'RE ALL SCARED!



THE FIRST GRAY LIGHT OF DAWN WAS SHOWING WHEN THE MISSION BEGAN!

WHERE'S THE REST OF THE OUTFIT, SARGE? I THOUGHT WE WERE ALL GOING!

THEY'LL BE THERE, BUSTER! YOU WORRY ABOUT GETTING YOURSELF THERE AND BACK!



A HALF-HOUR LATER!

THERE'S OUR GOAL! SPREAD OUT TO 10 YARD INTERVALS AND MOVE UP! BAZOOKA MEN ON MY RIGHT, RL TEAM ON THE LEFT, BAR MEN ON THE FLANKS!



WHEN THE FIREWORKS START, HIT THE DIRT AND WATCH ME FOR SIGNALS, KID! AND STAY SCARED! YOU'LL LIVE LONGER!

TH-THEN I OUGHT TO LIVE TO BE **THREE HUNDRED** SARGE!

SLOWLY THEY MOVED UP THE OPEN SLOPE, EACH MAN TAUT WITH SHARP TENSION, KNOWING THEY WERE COVERED BY UNSEEN RED GUNS!



WH-WHY DON'T TH-THEY SHOOT?

THEY DON'T WANT TO SPRING THEIR TRAP UNTIL THEY'RE SURE WE'RE WELL IN IT!



I DON'T GET IT! SO WE WALK UNTIL THEY SHOOT US AND THEN WHAT? WHAT DOES IT PROVE?

YOU MEAN THE GENERAL DIDN'T DISCUSS THIS WITH YOU FIRST, BAKER? I'LL REPRIMAND HIM FOR THAT OVERSIGHT THE MINUTE WE GET BACK!



SUDDENLY..

SARGE! LOOK OUT! OVER THERE...!

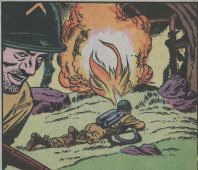


WHAT TH-? A MACHINE GUN NEST!

I SAW THE SUN GLINT OFF THE BARREL WHEN HE SWUNG IT!







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RED TERROR TACTIC

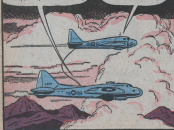
IN HALF AN HOUR AMERICA'S MIGHTIEST JET BOMBER WOULD BE OVER KWAJIN ISLAND TO REFUEL IN MIDAIR....AND DOWN BELOW, A RED GUIDED MISSILE WAS POISED TO BLOW IT OUT OF THE SKY! WITH NO HEAVY WEAPONS, THEIR RADIO JAMMED, THEIR TINY FORCE FAR OUTNUMBERED, IT SEEMED TO CAPTAIN TIM CONNER AND HIS JET-REFUELING CREW THAT THERE WAS NO WAY IN THE WORLD TO STOP THE VICIOUS RED AMBUSH!



A NEW U.S. JET REFUELING BASE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED ON KWAJIN ISLAND, IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN....

BABY'S GOT HER TUMMY FULL, BOYS! TAKE IT AWAY!

ROGER! STAND BY TO DISENGAGE!



FILL US UP FAST, ED! OUR BIGGEST CUSTOMER IS DUE OVER AT 1300 HOURS AND SHE'LL BE PLENTY STARVED!

WILLCO, LIEUTENANT!



PART OF THE G-2 GROUND CREW WERE CORPORAL DAN BURKE AND HIS BUDDY, PFC "SWEDE" OLSON...

OUR JOB IS DONE, SIR! WE REQUEST PERMISSION TO GO FISHING DOWN AT THE END OF THE ISLAND!

PERMISSION GRANTED, CORPORAL... BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE BACK BEFORE 1800! I WANT ALL CREWS ON THE ALERT DURING THE BIG REFUELING OPERATION!



HEY, CORP, THE TIDE'S OUT! WHAT SAY WE WADE ACROSS TO LITTLE KWAJIN AND SEE HOW FISHING IS OVER THERE?

OKAY, SWEDE! NOBODY EVER GOES OVER THERE! IT MIGHT JUST BE A GOOD SPOT!



LITTLE KWAJIN WAS NO MORE THAN A FRAGMENT OF THE LARGER ISLAND, CONNECTED AT LOW TIDE BY A SANDBAR!

I DON'T THINK ANYBODY'S BEEN OVER HERE SINCE WE FIRST ARRIVED! WE ALL EXPLORED IT THEN!

THERE'S NOTHING TO GO FOR! IT'S LESS'N A HALF MILE ACROSS, JUST ROCKS AND A FEW TREES!



YES, SIR, SWEDE! THIS HERE IS WHAT YOU CAN REALLY CALL A DESERTED ISLAND! NOBODY HERE BUT US AND A FEW BIRDS!



GUH-GUH-GET A L-LOAD OF THOSE BUH-BUH-BIRDS!



YONCKS! CHINESE COMMUNISTS, I DO DECLARE! SO WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, PRIVATE FIRST CLASS OLSON?

FOR NOTHING AT ALL, CORPORAL BURKE, SIR! SHALL WE HAVE AT THEM, LIKE IT SAYS IN THE BOOKS?



YIIIIII!

EEEOWWW!

YOUR'S IS OUT OF TUNE, OLSON!



NO GUNS! DON'T SHOOT! THEIR PALS MIGHT HEAR US!

NOW HE TELLS US!



NOW, STUPID YANKEES, SPEAK UP! WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT WERE YOU SEEKING?

WELL NOW, COLONEL, SIR, WE LOST A WIDEN OFF THE AFT WHIFFENFLUG YESTERDAY AND WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT HAVE HUFFNAGLED...

SILENCE, CLOWN! OUR GLORIOUS RED CHINA INTELLIGENCE KNOWS MORE OF YOUR STUPID ACTIVITIES THAN YOU DO!

MY, YOU'RE AS BRAVE AS YOU ARE SMART AND HANDSOME!

AT 1300 HOURS YOUR GREATEST JET BOMBER COMES OVER TO REFUEL IN FLIGHT! CONTACT WILL BE MADE AT 28,000 FEET!

TEH-TEH! NOW WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE NOBODY TOLD ME ABOUT IT? THAT'S REAL INTERESTING, COLONEL!

HERE IS SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING... A RADAR-GUIDED MISSILE THAT WILL BLOW YOUR YANKEE PLANES OUT OF THE SKY! IT CANNOT MISS!

UNGGGG! ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M OUT OF FUNNY REMARKS, SWEDS!

ONCE THE ROCKET IS LAUNCHED, THE SUBMARINE THAT BROUGHT US WILL TAKE US AWAY! YOUR STUPID DEMOCRACIES WILL NEVER PROVE WHAT HAPPENED!

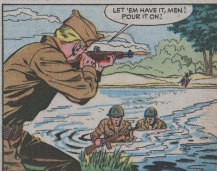
AND THE WHOLE GLORIOUS SCHEME WAS MINE! THE NAME OF COLONEL LU HO WILL RING THROUGHOUT CHINA!

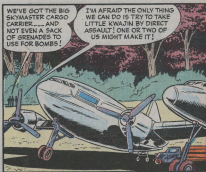
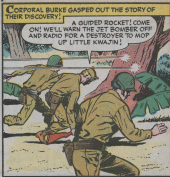
WHY DON'T YOU JUST RING OFF AND GO AWAY, GABBY?

IN DESPERATE SITUATIONS, MEN TAKE DESPERATE CHANCES! SWEDS OLSON STUCK OUT HIS FOOT AS CORPORAL BURKE LOOSSED A SAVAGE ROAR!

BOOOOOO!

YIIIIIIII!





WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED AT LEAST 3 TO 1, CAPTAIN...AND THEY'VE GOT HEAVY WEAPONS THAN WE HAVE!

I KNOW...BUT IF ONE MAN COULD GET THROUGH AND SMASH THE CONTROL NOSE ON THAT ROCKET, IT WOULD BE WORTH THE SACRIFICE!

I'M PRETTY GOOD SWIMMER! MAYBE I COULD SWIM OUT AND SLIP ASHORE FROM THE OTHER WAY WHILE YOU KEEP 'EM OCCUPIED HERE, SIR!

NO GOOD, SOLDIER! YOU COULDN'T MAKE IT IN TIME! IT'S 1230 HOURS RIGHT NOW!

PASS THE WORD! WE'VE GOT TO STORM RIGHT INTO THEIR FIRE! WHOEVER MAKES IT, WRECK THAT ROCKET!

IF ANYONE MAKES IT! THEY'VE GOT TWO HEAVY MACHINE GUNS SET TO ENFILADE THE SANDBAR! IT'LL BE A SLAUGHTER!

CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN, HOLD EVERYTHING! I'VE GOT A HECK OF A CRAZY IDEA...BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK!

TALK FAST, CORPORAL! I'LL LISTEN TO ANYTHING!

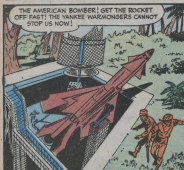
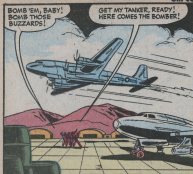
THAT TRUCK FULL OF JET FUEL, SIR! WHY COULDN'T WE USE THAT AS A BOMB? THE SKYMASTER CAN CARRY IT!

WHA...? CORPORAL, YOU'RE EITHER INSANE OR A GENIUS! COME ON...!

GET LOADED! EVERY SECOND COUNTS NOW!

I SUPPOSE YOU REALIZE...THEY MAY GET PANICKY AND FIRE THAT ROCKET AT YOU!

CAPTAIN, YOU'RE HOLDING US UP ASKING SILLY QUESTIONS! JUST CLEAR US FOR TAKEOFF AND KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!



The Long Trail's End

THE three tattered, bearded GIs crouched by the shack window, peering cautiously out at the gray streak that was definitely and unmistakably outlining the mountain peaks to the east. Private Jones spoke first in a husky whisper. "It's sunrise coming, for sure. So what do we do now? I don't know about you guys, but I just ain't comfortable in a crowd."

There was no answer. All heads swiveled sharply as a loud, ringing clatter and clank echoed from the other direction, so near it seemed to be in the very room with them. Private Ackson shivered. "We oughta win a prize. We crash out of a Red prison camp, dodge troops for two days and hole up in what looks like a deserted village. So what happens? A whole Red tank squadron moves in with us. Very chummy."

They crept to the other window. In the shadows, they could see the three steel monsters driven right inside flimsy huts, so that the thatched roofs hid them from prowling UN planes. Now men were moving around the tanks, getting them ready for the day's operations. It was nothing short of a miracle that the Reds, sure that they were far from Allied lines, had not bothered to search the other huts before settling down. But with daylight, anything could happen. And a light snow during the night meant that if they tried to sneak away, their tracks would be seen and followed.

"So we sit," whispered Private Regan dismally. "But I sure wish we had a gun or a grenade or even a knife. I feel naked. But I'd trade 'em all for a bazooka. If there was only some way we could knock out those tanks."

"You got rocks in the head?" Jones demand-

ed. "If we had a can opener maybe we could open 'em up and pour gasoline in—if we had gasoline."

They sat tensely as full daylight drove back the protecting night. The tanks were still there, being serviced for a patrol. Red soldiers were wandering around, now. At any moment one might decide to investigate the hut.

"I hear planes," Regan said sharply. "A squadron of our Sabre Jets. How they'd love to spot these tin cans . . ." He broke off, a grin lifting his mouth. "So why not? Let's have us some fun, guys."

Before they could protest he had snatched out their last precious paper of matches and was igniting the dry straw thatch of their hut roof. The others, starting to protest, saw his plan and grinned. Then everything happened at once.

The straw roof roared up and wind-blown flames whipped down the street. Simultaneously, the Reds yelled and the three fugitive GIs went headfirst out the back window, running frantically for the woods, heedless now of their tracks in the snow. The Reds would be too busy to worry about tracks right now.

And overhead, a Sabre Jet pilot was yelling into his radio mike. "Jackpot! There are three Red tanks down below. Somebody burned their camouflage off and we're going after them." Rockets screamed and thundered, machine guns yammered. Then the pilot spoke again to distant Headquarters. "Mission accomplished, but good. And you'd better send a helicopter over. There are three crazy guys in GI outfits dancing around in the snow down there. I think they want to go home."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 7, 1946 (Title 39, U. S. Code, Section 233) OF G.I. COMBAT, published Monthly at Sparta, Illinois, for October 1, 1955.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, 3235 Gordon Drive, Naples, Florida; Editor, Alfred Grenet, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, Noron Business manager, Richard E. Arnold, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Cassie Magazines, 578 Success Street, Bensford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 3235 Gordon Drive, Naples, Florida; Claire C. Arnold, 3235 Gordon Drive, Naples, Florida.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security

holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation in which such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the extent of the full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

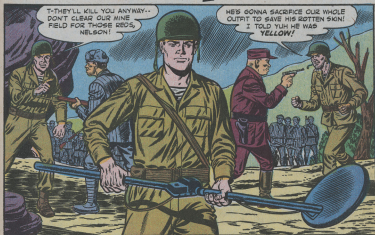
(Signed) EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1955. (Signed) LOUIS J. KUDARSKY, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 3, 1959)

G.I. COMBAT

IT WAS ONE OF MANY SUCH COMBAT TEAMS IN KOREA WHO FOLLOW THE EXPLOSIVE PATH OF REDS TO CLEAR DEADLY BOOBY TRAPS AND UNEXPLODED SHELLS! IT TAKES OUTS TO HANDLE THESE PACKAGES OF DEATH DAILY -- AND THE G.I.'s FOUND STRENGTH IN THE FAITH AND CONFIDENCE THEY HELD FOR ONE ANOTHER! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SUSPECTED COWARD JOIN THE COURAGEOUS

BOMB SQUAD #7



NORTH
OF YONCHON
PATTON
T-4
TANKS
SNAKED
UP
A
NARROW
MOUNTAIN
ROAD
TO
ROUT
THE
RED
HORDES
FROM
WELL
DUG
IN
POSITIONS!



SUDDENLY, THE CLACKING TREADS OF THE LEAD TANK
CAME TO AN ABRUPT STOP AS ...

SHE LOOKS DEAD ENOUGH, SIR --
BUT THERE MIGHT BE A 'TWER ON
IT! IF WE BLAST IT FROM THE
ROAD IT'LL TAKE HALF THE
MOUNTAIN WITH HER!

IT'S GOT TO BE
CLEARED ...
BOMB SQUAD!
FORWARD!



G.I. COMBAT

THREE G.I.'S ARMED WITH DETONATING EQUIPMENT RUSHED FORWARD -- THE SUCCESS OF THE TANK ADVANCE WAS IN THEIR HANDS!

DE-ACTIVATE THAT SHELL ON THE DOUBLE -- WE'LL COVER YOU!

SHE'S ONE OF THOSE SPECIAL JOBS FROM MOSCOW, GARDELLA!

YEAH... A 1000 POUNDER! HOPE THAT DETONATIN' HEAD WONT JAMMED, BURNS!



STEP IT UP, GARDELLA! THE COMBIES ARE GETTIN' THE RANGE -- IF A SLUG HITS HOME WE'VE HAD IT!

T-TRYIN'... BLASTED HEADS FROZEN LIKE I WAS AFRAID OF! GIMME THE #6 WRENCH BRADLEY!

ROH!



WITH NERVES OF STEEL AND AN UTTER DISREGARD FOR THEIR LIVES, THE TEAM "WORKED" THE UN-EXPLODED SHELL AWID FIRE! FINALLY...

I - I GOT HER UNLOCKED! GET THAT DRAB CHAIN READY -- I'LL UNSCREW THE DETONATIN' HEAD!

YEAH... ONCE THE DETONATOR'S OUT NOTHIN' WILL EXPLODE THE SHELL BUT A DIRECT HIT!



SHE'S AS COLD AS YESTERDAYS CHOW, SIR -- HAUL IT AWAY! #6-BRADLEY!

H-HE CAUGHT ONE!

MY LEG! M-MEDIC!



MEDICS SPRUNG IMMEDIATELY INTO ACTION AS THE AREA WAS SPRAYED WITH LEAD TO KEEP TRIGGER-HAPPY REDS IN THEIR HOLES...

GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING... GOTTA KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN UNTIL THE MEDICS CLEAR BRADLEY!

YEAH... THEY CANT HIT WHAT THEY DONT SEE!



A MINUTE LATER THE "ACTION" WAS OVER -- THE PATTONS CONTINUED THEIR ADVANCE LEAVING IN THEIR WAKE THE MEN THAT MADE IT POSSIBLE!

NOTHING SERIOUS, Y-YUH MEAN BUT HE'LL BE OUT OF ACTION FOR QUITE A WHILE! NO ONE CAN FILL HIS BOOTS! BUT NO ONE!



W-WHATA WE GONNA DO, GARDELLA... THIS BREAKS UP OUR LUCKY COMBINATION!

YEAH... IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH STICKIN' OUR NECKS OUT WITH SOME GREEN REPLACEMENT! THE REASON OUR SQUAD CUICKED WAS CAUSE WE KNEW WHAT WE WERE DOIN' -- AND WE TRUSTED ONE ANOTHER! BUT NOW....



WAR
RECOGNIZES
NO
PERSONALITIES
ONLY
COLD
STATISTICS!
THERE
WAS
ONE
MAN
SHORT
ON
BOMB
SQUAD
7,
SO A
REPLACE-
MENT
WAS
SENT
FORWARD..

HEY, GARDELLA! C'MON
OUT AND MEET OUR
NEW TEAM MATE! I
HEAR HE'S PRETTY
GOOD WITH DELAYED
ACTION STUFF!

OKAY!
OKAY! STOP
BURNIN'
YOUR FUSE..
BE RIGHT
THERE!



GARDELLA STEPPED FROM THE BUNKER-- HIS EYES
FOUND THE NEW REPLACEMENT AND AN EXPRESSION
OF ANGER CROSSED HIS FACE --

Y-YOU! THEY MUST BE PLAYIN'
GAMES BACK AT HQ -- HOW'D
YOU WORK YOUR WAY INTO
THIS OUTFIT, NELSON!

GARDELLA --
WATCH
YOUR
TONGUE!



Y-YOU MEAN
YOU KNOW
THIS GUY,
"NITRO"
NELSON,
GARDELLA?

SURE I DO!
WHY THIS GUY
ISN'T WORTH A
DETONATOR PIN!
LEHME JUST TELL
YUH HOW THIS
CHARACTER
OPERATES..

WE USED TO HAUL NITRO FOR
THE SAME OUTFIT BACK IN THE
STATES! ONE DAY HE WAS
RIDING DOUBLE WITH A GUY
NAMED BURTON WHEN --

T-THE BRAKES HAVE GIVEN..
GOTTA HANDLE THIS
WHEEL WITH BOTH
HANDS, NELSON..
PULL THE
EMERGENCY
BRAKE!

W-WE'VE GOT
A FULL LOAD
--IT'LL BLOW US
SKY HIGH...



DO YUH THINK NELSON STUCK--DO
YUH THINK HE STOOD BY HIS BUDDY...



I-IT'S A LIE! THAT'S
GARDELLA'S STORY..
I DON'T DESERT
BURTON! HE ORDERED
ME FROM THAT CAB!
HE WAS TOP MAN
SO I HAD TO
DO IT!

HUMPH! WHEN THE WRECK-
AGE WAS CHECKED THE
EMERGENCY BRAKE HADN'T
BEEN PULLED -- YOU LET
HIM DOWN, NELSON! AND
IF YUH THINK I'M GONNA
PLAY CLAY PIGEON
FOR YOU, YOU'RE
CRAZY!

HOLD
IT,
MEN!



THIS IS THE ARMY,
GARDELLA -- NE'LL
TELL YOU WHO TO
WORK WITH! FORGET
YOUR PERSONAL
DISLIKE FOR
NELSON -- THERE'S
A WAR ON!

AW RIGHT-- YOU CAN LEAD A
HORSE TO WATER BUT YOU
CAN'T MAKE HIM DRINK!
NELSON'S STILL ON MY
BLACKLIST! -- I'M GONNA
WATCH HIM LIKE A HAWK!



SHORTLY, THE GRAY WORM WITH DEATH BEGAN AGAIN FOR "BOMB SQUAD" #7?

THAT TWO HUNDRED POUNDER LANDED LAST NIGHT! DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT'S A DELAYED ACTION OR NOT-- BUT WE'VE GOT TO MOVE TROOPS OVER THE BRIDGE TODAY--

RIGHT! WE'LL START TICKLING HER RIBS RIGHT AWAY!

THE BOMB, A SENTINEL OF SUDDEN DOOM AWAITED THEM ...

IT'S GOT AN OPEN SOCKET HEAD-- THE DETONATOR IS DAMAGED-- LOOKS LIKE A DUD, BURNS! --MEDIUM WRENCH, NELSON--

RIGHT!



BUT AS GARDELLA RELAYED HIS INFORMATION ON THE BOMB FOR USE LATER IN CASE OF DISASTER HIS FOOT SLIPPED-- THE BOMB WAS JARRED ...

GARDELLA! I-LOOK OUT!

WHA..?



SHE'S GONNA BLOW... MOVE BACK, GARDELLA! MOVE BACK! THE JOBS FOULED UP!

SHUD UP! SHUD UP YOU...



DEFTLY, GARDELLA STEPPED IN! HIS HANDS FONDLED DANGER AS THEY TOUCHED THE BOMB HEAD AND ...

REMOVING THE PIN-- SHE'S COMING-- SHE'S OUT!



AND AFTERWARD...

WHAT A SET-UP! NELSON SURE LIVED UP TO HIS REPUTATION BACK THERE! WANTED TO TAKE OFF-- LEAVE THE BOMB ALIVE! THE BOMB WASN'T A DUD-- BUT HE IS!

YEAH-- --I GUESS HE'S JUST-- PLAIN SCARED SILLY!



SCATTER! REDS ARE MOVING IN.. LAUNCHING SURPRISE ATTACK!



RED
HELL BROKE
LOOSE
OVER
THE
EMPLACEMENT!
THE
SUDDEN
ENEMY
ATTACK
SPRANG
OUT OF
THE HILLS
ONTO
THE
BACKS
OF
THE
U.N.
FORCES..

WE'VE HAD IT! CAN'T
MAKE IT TO THE
ROOKS WITH THE
OTHERS!

GREAT! DO WE
PLAY "JOE HERO,"
OR LET THE REDS
TAKE US?

ABRUPTLY, BURNS' QUESTION WAS ANSWERED
FOR HIM...

DO NOT MOVE!
YOU WILL BE SHOT
DEAD!

YEAH! SOONER
OR LATER
ANYWAY...

SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE TRIO FACED
THE RED COMMANDING OFFICER...

SO! YOU ARE AN
AMERICAN
DEMOLITION TEAM!
THAT IS EXCELLENT!
WE HAVE GOOD
USE FOR YOU!

WHAT?
WANT US
TA BLOW
YA BOYS
BACK INTO
CHINA?

YOUR FORCES
HAVE LAID A
MINE FIELD
ACROSS SUKANG
PASS! YOU
THREE WILL
REMOVE THE
MINES AND
MAKE THEM
HARMLESS
OR-- DIE!

ARE YOU KIDDING? WITH
ACCESS TO THAT PASS
YOU PIE HEADS COULD
SWEEP IN BEHIND OUR
MAIN FORCE! DROP
DEAD! BY THE TIME
YOU WEAVE YOUR WAY
THROUGH THAT FIELD
OF BANG BANGS OUR
TROOPS WILL BE
WAITING FOR YA--
THEY'LL KNOCK
YA SILLY!

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME!
THE ANSWER'S
THE SAME
WITH US--
RIGHT, NELSON?

SO!
SERGEANT,
SHOOT
THESE
MEN AT
ONCE!

W-WAIT! I'LL--I'LL
GET YOU THROUGH
THE FIELD...

YOU HELL, NELSON!
EVEN YOU CAN'T
BE THAT LOW!

AH!

NELSON
MOVED
INTO THE
DEADLY
MINE FIELD--
HIS
LIFE
WAS
AT
STAKE
AND THE
HELL
FIELD
COULD
SAVE
HIM...

DEACTIVATE
THE
MINES--
HURRY!

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM,
NELSON! THEY'LL SHOOT
YOU ANYWAY! IF THEY
GET THROUGH THAT
FIELD OUR FORCES WILL
BE SLAUGHTERED!



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